UNITY

FREEDOM FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

(Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Editor 1880-1918)

Editors

John Haynes Holmes Francis Neilson

Recent Developments in the Sacco-Vanzetti Case

By CLARENCE R. SKINNER

In Moscow—1923

By DOROTHY BREWSTER

The Tragedy of Truth

By SAMUEL D. SCHMALHAUSEN

Eggs and Peanuts

By C. F. ANSLEY

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JOHN HAYNES HOLMES : *Editors* : FRANCIS NEILSON

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOL. XCII. THURSDAY, JANUARY 3, 1924 NUMBER 16

THE FUTURE:

A New Year's Message

The health of the world is in proportion to its idealism —the idealism of its individual members. We cannot get rid of our ideals nor be sickened of them, but of the lack of them. When the world or its individual members need new ideals with which to replace ideals that have outlived their usefulness there is a period of unrest and confusion. This transition from one set of ideals to a set of nobler ideals involves conflict between those who are eager for the change and those who want no change. The world was probably never more up against such an inevitable conflict between its progressive and its reactionary elements than it is at the present time.

The sickness of the world (if it can be called "sickness"), is of the nature of that period of pain through which a woman passes in giving birth to a child. The new life cannot be brought into being without sacrifice. The less preparation there has been for its advent the greater will be the travail. In the present condition of the world we witness an agony that is as extreme as it was unprovided for and unguarded against. The age that is to be born is costing us vastly more of suffering than it need have cost if its coming had been foreseen and truly desired.

We are totally unable to evade the immediate crisis in the presence of which we stand. The birth-pangs are upon us. It is now too late for those precautionary activities which a wiser world would long ago have set in operation. The bitterness of the pain must be endured. The wise and brave among us will waste no energy or thought in futile complaining or in accusation of those who might have done something in advance to alleviate the torments in which we now find ourselves. Bad matters must not be made worse by our self-indulgent fault-finding.

"Let the dead bury their dead." Looking back over the last ten years and trying to fix the blame for what has befallen the world is a mistake. The expression of our wrath (however seemingly justified) is worse than useless. Condemning others invites upon ourselves the greater condemnation. Our interest, attention and energy should be concentrated upon what is going to help build a nobler world.

What other men and other times have failed to do or have done imperfectly is infinitely less important than what is now pressing upon the world for us to do. The world is full of confusion, but our heart and mind can be kept clear. The quarrels of those who are at outs with one another need not drag us into wordy disputes. We have learned to expect these disturbances. They belong to a world that is in process of construction. Let us add no fuel to the flames that are raging over the earth.

I am praying that those who are to follow us in the world's life will forgive us our trespasses and shortcomings even as we have forgiven those who have trespassed against us. Of course our best efforts will not measure up to their more advanced standards. They will have to make allowances for us even as we should make allowances for one another.

Dear makers and readers of "Unity," we must cherish our "liberty of thought and utterance." It is "a priceless thing." Yet not in and of itself, but always on account of the use we make of it. There is a difference whether or not we carry in our heart the wisdom that is born of love. We should and must speak out only when it is for the blessing of others. Otherwise let us rejoice in the liberty of keeping quiet.

The past and the present are quite out of our reach. It is already morning and other new days are beginning to dawn. Let us rise and go early to the tomb that we may witness the power of love's resurrection. Idealism is not dead. The world is waiting its rebirth. We are working together to hasten the day when the world's confusion will have passed like clouds from before the sun.

We honor the past and make praiseworthy the present by our faith in the future.

VICTOR E. SOUTHWORTH.

The suspension of our editorial notes last week in favor of the "Symposium," has put us sadly behind the times in the matter of comment upon passing events. There is nothing to do, if we are to catch up, but to list here the things which have held our attention, and let it go at that! First of all, of course, is the release of the political offenders from prison. This brings us such a feeling of relief that at last our country is freed of this monstrous injustice, that we can think and feel almost nothing else. We must add, however, our sense of gratitude to President Coolidge, and admiration as well, that he has signalized his administration thus early with this act of justice. At one brave and generous stroke, he has wiped the infamy accumulated through five long years by Wilson and Harding, Palmer and Daugherty. The Russian situation continues to improve. Thus the Soviet government has been recognized by Poland and Italy, its recognition is promised by the British Labor Party, and official denials and canards from the State Department only increase the certainty that a fundamental change of policy is impending at Washington. France has recently voted no less than 1,250,000,000 francs in support of war operations in Morocco and Syria, and for munitions credits to Poland and Jugo-Slavia; at the same time, of course, she is utterly unable to pay even the interest on her debt to the United States. England, we note, is again sending her aeroplanes over native villages in Afghanistan, and bombing the populations. The death-lists, as always in such cases, include "women and children first." The Russians, to revert to the most interesting of all topics, have succeeded in buying up at less than half a cent to the dollar more than 80 per cent of all the outstanding debts of the old Tsar's government, and thus have wiped out altogether this popular subject of controversy. If mod-

ern history shows any cleverer financial operation than this, we would like to know what it is! Senator Owen, of Oklahoma, has announced to the public in a Senate speech, what has long been known to all impartial students, that "the German leaders, bad as they were, were not exclusively responsible for the World War"; on the contrary, "they sought to prevent it." Thus spreads the light of Truth!

The roll of the dead in 1923 is an impressive one. Particularly serious were the losses in the world of letters—in England, *Frederick Harrison* and *John Morley,* the last survivors of the great days of Liberalism, and *Maurice Hewlett,* author of the unforgettable "Forest Lovers" and other charming novels; in France, *Max Nordau,* author of the once world-famous "Degeneration," and *Pierre Loti,* novelist; in America, *Kate Douglas Wiggin,* novelist, and *William Roscoe Thayer,* historian. Among statesmen, the most notable and dramatic death was of course that of *President Harding;* but England mourned and buried in Westminster Abbey her premier, *Bonar Law;* Japan lost her Premier, *Kato,* and France her great foreign minister, *Theophile Delcassé.* Two scientists of the highest eminence passed away during the year—*William C. Roentgen,* inventor of the X-ray, and *Charles Steinmetz,* the electrical engineer. The church lost in this country *Bishop Williams,* of Michigan, a great churchman in the prophetic sense of the word, and *William C. Gannett,* Unitarian; and in England two great preachers, *John Clifford* and *John W. Jowett,* the latter at one time minister of the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church in New York. In addition must be mentioned, *General Kuroki,* of Japan, who won fame in the Russo-Japanese War; *Sorolla,* the Spanish painter of sunshine and the sea; *Victor Maurel,* the distinguished singer, creator of the title-role in Verdi's "Falstaff"; *Lord Carnavon,* discoverer of the tomb of "Tut" in Egypt; *Villa,* the Mexican bandit chief; *Chancellor Day,* President of Syracuse University; *Bourke Cockran,* orator and politician; and *Henry Clews,* banker. Of all these dead, we count Lord Morley the greatest; his name will be the longest and most gratefully remembered. His one rival in immortality is Roentgen, whose achievement is forever secure in the annals of science.

We would devote a special paragraph to the four religious leaders whose names are listed above among the dead of 1923. Bishop Williams and old John Clifford belong together, although the one was a churchman and the other an uncompromising and militant non-conformist. Both were prophets, however, in their passion for righteousness, their love of freedom, and their active participation in all matters of political and social reform. Never in its history in this country has the Episcopal church known such plain-speaking as Bishop Williams gave to it in his Detroit pulpit. Magnificent was his ardent championship of labor—historic his challenge to Attorney-General Palmer in the madness of the deportation raids of 1919. As for John Clifford, a Hebrew prophet reincarnate in the person of a Gentile Baptist, as great a figure on the political platform as in the Christian pulpit, a tireless advocate of the poor and downtrodden from whose lowest ranks he sprang, his name is forever associated, of course, with the heroic passive resisters movement against the Balfour Education Act. Read that story, and the statement that England has seen no such figure as John Clifford since Oliver Cromwell, becomes clear! Both these men showed in their single persons what a power the church can be in public affairs. Dr. Jowett and Mr. Gannett were of another type—more the mystical than the prophetic! The former, in the traditional homiletical sense of the word, was perhaps the leading preacher of his day. His work was of flawless artistry, and his influence as beneficent as it was far-flung. Mr. Gannett, a free spirit if there ever was one, and a saint of "purest ray serene," breathed his genius forth in sermon and hymn as naturally as a flower its fragrance to the air. A life-long friend of Jenkin Lloyd Jones, and for years associated with UNITY, he will be in due season commemorated in these columns.

The New York *Times* has recently written with exultation of the disastrous defeat suffered by the Russian Communists in recent elections of local government bodies in many parts of the country. In the Petrograd City Soviet, to be sure, the Communists secured 670 seats out of a total of 721, which leaves only 51 places for representatives of minority groups. In other cities similar results were attained. But in the rural districts things were different! For example, in the elections in Moscow Province, which is outside the city, 6,911 opposition candidates were chosen for the local Soviets against 467 Communists, 232 Young Communists, and a lone Anarchist. The *Times* chortles with glee at these results and tells its readers how passionately Bukharin, editor of *Pravda,* is calling for a more active propaganda and lamenting that such defeats could be suffered at the opening of the seventh year of the Proletarian Revolution. Satisfaction over these events by such an organ of reaction as the New York *Times* is natural and we would not rob the paper of such consolation as it obviously feels. Consolation over affairs in Russia has been rare enough in recent months for those seeking the end of the Soviet Republic! Nevertheless, we can not refrain from pointing out what seems to us to be the real significance of these figures of election results. What impresses us is the fact that in a country which has been described to us from the beginning as the abode of intolerable tyranny, where all opponents of government are arrested, thrown into noisome prisons, and shot at dawn, where secret balloting is denied and every man voting

in opposition is marked for instant death, that in such a country, we say, popular elections are being held in which the minority not only participates but elects an overwhelming majority of the candidates in wide areas of the land. Something must be wrong here! Either this story is another mythical yarn out of Russia, or else the horrid despotism of which we have heard so much does not exist at all. We think we know where the truth lies. Political conditions are not any more ideal in Russia than they are in other countries, and democracy is probably having just as hard a fight for its life there as it is in America. But it is as true today as it was yesterday that minority groups are active, can participate in elections, and put their candidates in seats of power whenever they can muster the votes. The *Times* itself has produced evidence which puts to confusion the testimony which it has been printing about Russia, lo, these many years. That the *Times* should not see this fact is characteristic, for none is so blind as he who will not see.

Speaking of Russian conditions and the fixed conviction in the minds of most American citizens that Moscow represents a tyranny such as exists nowhere else in all the world, we are reminded of a news item which we saw duly recorded in the December issue of the *Crisis*. On page 86 appears the statement that Joseph Mirault, New York correspondent of the *Courier Haitien*, "has telegraphed to President Coolidge concerning the arrest of Bishop Auguste Alberte of Cape Haitien." The account goes on to state that the Bishop recently held a meeting in which he deplored the conditions existing in Haiti under the American occupation. "For this," runs the story, "he was arrested and placed in irons." We have no means of verifying this report, but we know Mr. Mirault by name, believe him to be trustworthy, and have absolute confidence that the *Crisis* would not have printed this statement had it not known the statement to be true. Furthermore, this kind of an event runs on all fours with countless happenings in unhappy Haiti which have been verified on the spot and long since made a part of accredited public knowledge. What we have in Haiti is a horrid evil, for it is a military occupation, like that of France in the Ruhr, with a native population subject to alien control, the helpless victims of ruthless exploitation, liable always to such atrocities as this just inflicted upon Bishop Alberte. It is perhaps not amazing that a colored man, trying to hold a meeting of protest against the government, should be arrested and thrown into jail at a time when we still had thirty-one men lying in Leavenworth Prison under heavy sentences for exercising our constitutional right of free speech during the period of the war, but the thing impresses us as intolerable all the same. And it nauseates us to have American citizens wandering off 4,000 miles or more to Russia to find evidences of political tyranny, when enormities of this character are being perpetrated right here at home under the protection of our own flag. We have no apologies to make for any wrongs done in Russia, but we have no patience with people who throw stones from glass houses.

We recently received an illuminating document. It is a circular announcing that "America will observe Twentieth Birthday Anniversary of the Airplane, December 17, 1923." Then follows a statement reminding us that

> it was at Kitty Hawk, North Carolina, that Wilbur Wright, now deceased, and Orville Wright, his brother, flew the first successful heavier-than-air machine. . . . The advancement of civilization is measured by the progress of transportation. These two decades have revolutionized man's effort in promoting commerce and travel. . . . By conquering the air all nations soon will have been brought into a single neighborhood with a common economic interest. The world owes to the Wright Brothers an everlasting gratitude.

True enough, in theory; but is it true in reality? Let us look at this circular again! A paragraph, omitted from the above quotation, offers the sinister reminder that "the World War demonstrated that the airplane is an absolute necessity for national defense." Then, covering half the surface of the circular, along with photographs of Wilbur and Orville Wright, appears a striking picture of the "Barling Bomber, World's largest Airplane"—a huge machine in flight over a distant landscape, heavily laden with the enginery for hurling vast explosives on the ground beneath! We wonder if the Wright Brothers ever contemplated, or even wildly imagined, such a development of their invention as this? Can we believe that the airplane, thus conceived and used, will ever bring the nations "into a single neighborhood with a common economic interest"? This airplane, says the circular, is "a most effective messenger of peace." Is this true?—or is the contrary true, that the airplane is a most horrible weapon of destruction? We confess that this circular filled us with terror and foreboding. We wondered what there was to celebrate in such an anniversary. The Wright Brothers were marvellous men; but, with all due respect to them, would not this world be a better and a safer place if Kitty Hawk had never been heard of?

Much against our will, we have to confess our growing admiration for Bishop Manning, of the New York diocese of the Episcopal church. We accept few of his ideas; abominate his attitude on most public questions; feel an instinctive sense of shame, as in the presence of some indecency, at his hounding of Percy Stickney Grant, and more recently of William Norman Guthrie, the original and vigorous rector of St. Marks-on-the-Bowerie. But we have to admire the Bishop, if only because of the utter seriousness with which he takes his office, its duties and its powers. There is no tendency in this official to avoid responsibility. To him is committed the maintenance of discipline, the

preservation of law and order, the guardianship of right belief, in the church. So long as he is bishop, things will go as they should go, or he will know the reason why! Not God himself in his heaven could be more conscientious in his administration of his divine rule, than Bishop Manning in his diocese. It is magnificent and soul-stirring! The only trouble is that the time has all passed by for this sort of thing. A bishop may take himself seriously, but the public will not. As a matter of sheer inertia or survival, to be sure, this ecclesiastic figures largely in the public prints, is a decorative participant in ceremonials, bears a name that is impressive on charity committees and boards of directors. But as a hard, cold matter of fact, a bishop, like a king, exercises no more real influence, and holds no more genuine respect or even deference, than the corresponding pieces on a chess-board. Dr. Manning, with all sincerity and much courage, may try to act up to the best traditions of his office in its greatest days—but those days are gone! He should have learned a lesson from his encounter a year ago with Dr. Grant, when he was beaten not because his position was illogical or his ability inadequate, but simply and solely because public opinion refused to take him seriously. He was overwhelmed by the laughter of a people convulsed by the spectacle of a bishop really acting like a bishop. Now this conscientious priest takes a second hazard of his authority! With all our admiration for such superb consistency, we cannot help thinking regretfully of Bishop Greer, who was content to magnify the spiritual functions of his office, and let the ecclesiastical functions go.

Recent Developments in the Sacco-Vanzetti Case

The trial of Nicolo Sacco and of Bartelemeo Vanzetti for the murder of a paymaster of one of the Massachusetts mills, was one of the most dramatic occurrences in the story of American justice. When the jury pronounced the two men guilty it was a sentence "heard round the world," for meetings of protest were held in European countries, and echoes were heard in far off Russia. The trial was considered a test of the fairness of American justice in dealing with the foreign radical within our borders. The question of crucial importance became "can we continue to have confidence in our courts?"

Such being the case, it is of importance that Americans should be informed on the development of the Sacco-Vanzetti sentence.

Immediately after the verdict of guilty was rendered, motions for a new trial were made. The last of these motions was argued before Judge Thayer in November, 1923, and at the present time the Judge is surveying the evidence and preparing his decision.

Both of the condemned men have meanwhile been held in prison with interesting results. Vanzetti has apparently kept his strength and health. He is an unmarried man, a great reader, is of a thoughtful type of temperament and also has had an opportunity to work at the prison shops. But the case of Sacco has been more tragic. He has been separated from his wife and child and has not had the therapeutic advantage of manual labor. He therefore became mentally deranged and was temporarily removed to the prison for the criminal insane. There he rapidly recovered because he was given occupational therapy, but now that he has been returned to the original prison, his health is again failing. Here is a tremendous human problem—the problem of the prisoner awaiting trial, and the question of his treatment.

Several new lawyers have been added to the staff of men who are working on the defense, all men of excellent standing in the legal profession. This fact has undoubtedly helped the cause of Sacco and Vanzetti in the eyes of those who judge the right or wrong of a cause by the prestige of the people who espouse it.

During the interval between the end of the trial and the arguing of the motions, the defense has secured affidavits which in the eyes of the layman are of utmost importance. Three persons who gave evidence for the prosecution were Lola Andrews, Louis Pelser, and Alonzo Goodrich, and each of these persons has admitted in an affidavit that they gave testimony because they were coerced and threatened. Many persons who saw these witnesses on the stand considered them as not dependable and felt that their testimony was too weak to be used as a basis for conviction. These opinions seem to be justified by developments. The confessions of these persons do not seem to be conclusive proof of the innocence of the prisoners. But they throw light on the weakness of the character of the witnesses. If Sacco and Vanzetti are refused a new trial after such developments, the average man who knows these facts and who is anxious to vindicate American justice, will jump to the conclusion that the trial was unfair, and that it was obviously founded on shaky evidence.

The answer to this is that the jury may have seen that these witnesses were weak and therefore did not allow their testimony to count for much. But this is of course a mere supposition. How can we ever know to what extent these persons were influenced? Social psychology has revealed too much of the suggestible nature of man under emotional stress to admit that even obvious weakness and error is without its determining influence, and one must keep in mind the fact that this trial was conducted during a time when men were abnormal in their attitude toward foreigners and radicals.

But the most important development in this case is

in connection with the bullet which was taken from the body of Beradelli, paymaster, who was murdered. The bullet was the most vital point in the case of the prosecution. According to the government, a magnifying glass was used on the bullet, and certain marks identified it as having come from the revolver of Sacco. But since this evidence, the defense has had an expert examine the bullet under a compound microscope and many photographs have been taken. According to the defense, new markings have been seen which differentiate this "mortal" bullet from any bullet which could have come from Sacco's revolver. This new evidence is obviously of tremendous importance. It would seem to be one of the developments requiring a new trial.

The other evidence regarding the bullet is also of great importance, and comes from one of the most important witnesses, Captain William H. Proctor of the State Police, who, with another man, made experiments with Sacco's gun. Having a State position of high trust, Capt. Proctor's testimony has unquestionably been of great weight in convicting Sacco. Therefore any new revelation regarding his attitude must be fundamental to the whole case, for the prosecuting attorney in his summary said: "You might disregard all the identification testimony and base your verdict on the testimony of these experts." (Proctor being one of the two experts.)

Now comes the astonishing affidavit in which the captain says, "At no time was I able to find any evidence whatever which tended to convince me that the particular mortal bullet found in Beradelli's body, which came from a Colt automatic pistol . . . came from Sacco's pistol *and I so informed the District Attorney and his Assistant before the trial.*" (Italics made by the writer.)

Yet the astonishing fact is that Proctor's evidence was understood to be affirmative and positive regarding the identification of the mortal bullet as having come from Sacco's gun. It would seem, however, that the following passage, reported from his affidavit, would certainly be conclusive: "Had I been asked the direct question whether I had found any affirmative evidence whatever that this so-called mortal bullet had passed through this particular Sacco's pistol, I should have answered then, as I do now without hesitation, in the negative."

This is most assuredly serious. Some persons of high standing in the legal profession are quoted as believing that this kind of practice in the courts is not in accord with the ethics of the legal profession. We should hope that it is not! and when we remember that two lives and the reputation of American justice are at stake it is surely essential that a new trial be granted.

It is sometimes considered unethical in a layman to criticize the courts on the ground that no uninitiated person can appreciate the technical problems involved. The writer recognizes this aspect of the problem and does not wish to be construed as passing criticism upon the judge, or upon any of the technical points of law involved.

But this case is more than a mere case in law. It is more than a mass of technical questions. It is a symbol. And being such, the lay minds of multitudes of persons are going to judge. Perhaps the process of reason in many of these people will not be founded on a minute and conscientious examination of the facts. Perhaps prejudice will enter in. These are faults of democracy. But the Sacco-Vanzetti case has become a public question and therefore must be considered from that point of view.

The writer has before said in the columns of UNITY that people can choose their own newspaper, church, political party and club, but they can't choose their own courts. All they can do is to use their influence to the utmost to see that they are kept pure and undefiled. CLARENCE R. SKINNER.

(Editor's Note.—Written before the judge has handed down his decision.)

Jottings

We are taking off our hat to President Coolidge! We see no evidences of greatness as yet, and we still believe that, as a statesman, he is something less than Lincoln. Furthermore we still disagree heartily with most of his opinions. But he is leading the country with decision, courage, and a minimum of noise. We salute him with satisfaction and gratitude.

The French Ambassador to England, Comte de Saint Aulaire, scouts the idea of imperialism in his country. "To imagine," he says, "that France, a country of a population less than 40,000,000, is bent upon conquering and holding forever a big piece of a foreign and really militarist country of more than 60,000,000 is to assume not only that France has forsaken her principles and ideals, but that the French are absolutely mad and only fit for a lunatic asylum."

That's the assumption! And, on the basis of everything that has lately happened, we think the assumption is well-founded.

Could anything be more ridiculous, when you come to think of it, than the bitter controversy now raging in the Episcopal church over such questions as the Virgin Birth and Jesus's alleged ascension into heaven; or anything more amazing than the front-page space given to this controversy by the newspapers? It is as though geographers should begin to fight over the illusion that the earth is flat, or astronomers over the

fable that the sun moves round the earth. Alas for Christendom when such a spectacle is possible!

If we were asked to name the outstanding book of 1923, we think it would be Havelock Ellis's "The Dance of Life." Either this or Housman's "Last Poems"! Have any of our readers a better candidate for honors?

If we were asked to name the outstanding calamity of 1923, we think it would be either the French invasion of the Ruhr or the Italian attack on Greece; or, in more general terms, the collapse of Germany. All of these were certainly more tragic in their avoidable causes and their ultimate consequences than the Japanese earthquake, though that was the greatest known natural cataclysm in history.

If we were asked to name the outstanding achievement of 1923, we think it would be the rehabilitation of Russia. The Russian Revolution has been saved!

And it was in 1923, on February 14, that Senator Borah introduced into the U. S. Senate his resolution for the Outlawry of War. History will not forget this date. J. H. H.

In Moscow—1923

My Russian interpreter in Moscow was curious about the fate of certain landmarks on the outskirts of the city. The struggle merely to exist during the past few years had left her no time to satisfy or even to feel such curiosity. So one afternoon we took a tram to Petrovsky Park, to see what had happened to an old palace of Peter the Great. The Red soldier in the sentry box at the entrance allowed us to pass into the large paved courtyard. None of the officers and soldiers we spoke to seemed to know just what to do with us; they sent us from one room to another, till, as my interpreter whispered to me, we had really seen all we wanted to see, without permission. We did come at last to a commanding officer. He asked for credentials. I produced a statement from Columbia University, requesting educational authorities in Europe to be pleasant to me. The officer couldn't read it, but the big blue seal impressed him, and he turned us over to a nice young soldier, who was to be our guide.

The palace was in process of becoming an aviation training school. Battered school desks had been placed in some of the state apartments. Down in the basement, parts of airplanes were stacked up. Some of the low-ceilinged attic rooms were being transformed into dormitories. From the ceiling of one of them depended a pair of long boots, in place of a chandelier, and the young soldier apologized for the frolicsome ways of his comrades. A section of the courtyard was enclosed within a high board fence; and in that secret retreat, our guide told us, a scientist was experimenting on some airplane invention. It seemed all very much still in the making, this aviation school. But beyond the palace gates, across the boulevard, was a great aviation field, and there, after six every evening, airplane manœuvres took place. Our guide offered to do the honors some evening. But I had to remain content with the glimpses from my hotel window of the great birds circling about against the sunset. Peter, the ship-builder, would be quite satisfied with the use to which his palace is being put.

On a Sunday morning, after waiting in vain for a tram that was not jammed to the doors, we made a bargain with the cheapest of six *izvoshchiks* and drove out to Ostankeno. Here is the former home of Count Scheremetyev—a charming country house in eighteenth century classical style. In front is a lake, behind, a private park with beautiful old trees. On May 1, 1919, so the inscription in red letters at the entrance reads, the palace was taken over for the people, and is now a museum. My interpreter thought that the rooms had suffered a little from looting, but enough of the old furniture, the old paintings, the old hangings, were left to enable one to recreate the life of the old land-owning class. In the ball-room, with its balconies for the musicians, one remembered that the serf owners always had their own bands of musicians and their own entertainers, chosen from among their serfs. Two rooms were particularly pleasant and intimate; a boudoir, all done in faded flowered chintz, with low windows opening out on the garden; and a circular, oak-panelled study, flooded with sunshine—a peaceful, secluded place for working or dreaming, so well-protected from all outside noises that the count could scarcely hear the revolution coming.

I wonder what has happened to the last owner? Perhaps, if he were a kindly person, his fate has been no worse than that of a certain prince, whose story was told to me by the Quakers. This prince, after a troubled time in prison, went back to what had been his estate. He had been kind to his peasants—he hoped they would treat him well. After a solemn meeting and a long discussion, the peasants told him that he could stay, but he must work like the rest. They would help him to get started. So they gave him a cottage, some land, a plow and a horse, and he set to work. But he couldn't make it go. The peasants saw that he was in danger of starving, and one after another they would sneak around to his cottage and bring him food—each one in great fear lest the other peasants should catch him at it. At last the prince gave it up and left; but, he said, they had the right idea—only he never had worked and he just couldn't put it through.

Ostankeno is north of the city. Our next excursion took us southwest, in the direction of Sparrow Hill, where Napoleon stood and surveyed Moscow. We were going to visit a famous nunnery. On our way we passed through a district where the medical students of the university used frequently to live. Here my interpreter pointed out the pleasant room in which she and her sister had spent a year or two, when they were studying, just before the Revolution. A room is like a lost Paradise to her. Housing conditions are so bad in Moscow that she has been unable to find any permanent corner. Sometimes a friend goes away for a week or two, and lets her have the room. Most often she makes one-night stands with this friend or that, who

may have a couch to spare. But if she stays too long, the house committee objects. One day she told me that she could rent a room, if she would repave the sidewalk in front of the house; and another time, she heard of a room that she could buy for a hundred dollars. But even if she had had the money, her possession of the room would have depended on the good-will of the landlady —the owner or lessee of the apartment; for this "buying" of rooms was not legal. The stories, tragic and comic, relating to these housing difficulties are without number. A countess and her husband were allotted a single room in the apartment they had once had all to themselves, and they shared with the other inmates the use of the kitchen. One corner of the kitchen they fixed up as attractively as possible, and often had their friends to dine with them. But one of the workingmen living in the apartment complained to the court that the count and countess were putting on too much style; it made him feel uncomfortable to come into the kitchen to cook his food; one shouldn't behave in the kitchen as if one were in a drawing room. The working man won his case.

My interpreter was wondering whether the sisters in the nunnery still had their comfortable quarters—or whether indeed there were any sisters. The nunnery is surrounded by an old irregular high brick wall. It is like a little walled city, with several churches inside, a museum, a cemetery, rows of little houses backed up against the wall, stables, and so on. We passed under a wide archway. From a sort of little dog-kennel in the wall, a sister peeped out, to tell us that the museum was closed on this day, but that we were free to wander around inside the walls. Chalked up above the little cell was a fiery demand: "Death to Mussolini, the Bandit!"

Inside the walls it was peaceful and sunny. Goats, cats, chickens, a few children, many graves. This had been a favorite cemetery among the aristocracy. My interpreter pointed out distinguished names. In a quiet little corner we stumbled upon the tomb of Chekhov. In a cloistered passageway just outside the largest church, we found a sister sitting before a large quilting frame. Her placid large blue eyes were devoid of any curiosity about the two wandering strangers. She told us that there was a little cell nearby where one could live in solitude for several months, communing with one's spirit. She was staying there now. There used to be three hundred sisters in the establishment; now there were about two hundred. They were all living in a row of houses along one of the walls of the quadrangle. The rest of the houses had been turned over to the workers in the nearby factory and their families. In the old days, the sisters had had a special kind of dress, a black head-dress, and so forth. Now they dressed in whatever they could get, with cloths over their heads, like the peasant women.

We went over to the houses and called on one of the sisters, whom we met at the door. She ushered us into a little vaulted room, divided into two compartments by a curtain. These tiny cubby-holes were packed with furniture—chests of drawers, couches, tables. The smell carried me back to little farm-houses up in the Catskills: old clothes preserved in dark closets, dried apples, ancient cooking. Before a high reading desk sat an old sister on a high stool. Above the desk was an ikon and a little lighted lamp; open in front of her was a beautiful old illuminated book, written in Church Slavonic. Wrapt in her devotions, she paid no attention to us.

Four sisters had to live in that little room, our hostess told us, instead of one or two, as formerly. In another room, two young sisters were working on fine white embroidery. Each sister does her own work now, taking such orders from outside as she is lucky enough to get. In the old days, all work was in common. So with the triumph of Communism, individualistic industry has invaded the nunnery. They seemed contented enough in their placid little backwater. Perhaps they had not suffered the fate that befell some other nuns in Moscow, who were allowed to stay on in their nunnery, but were made to embroider the sickle and the hammer on Soviet banners—and they did it, with weeping and prayer.

As we left the grounds, the church bells were ringing; and then the factory whistle shattered the peace with its twelve o'clock blast.

DOROTHY BREWSTER.

THE GOAL.

A thought new-born illumes the world
  And gives it grace and power;
A strength that constellations hurled
  And opens wide the flower!
Beneath the shadow of a long
  Deep night its face was hid;
But sweetly now its waking song
  Sweeps blossomed vales amid!

It is the Christ thought of all time
  Unwelcomed by its own;
A manger-child of every clime,
  The claimant of a throne!
It is the God-life of the race,
  An inner spark divine,
That guides man to his rightful place
  Where peaks of glory shine!

LESLIE CLARE MANCHESTER.

WHO HAS KNOWN HEIGHTS.

Who has known heights and depths, shall not again
  Know peace—not as the calm heart knows
  Low, ivied walls; a garden close;
  The old enchantment of a rose.
And though he tread the humble ways of men,
He shall not speak the common tongue again.

Who has known heights, shall bear forevermore
  An incommunicable thing
  That hurts his heart, as if a wing
  Beat at the portal, challenging;
And yet—lured by the gleam his vision wore—
Who once has trodden stars seeks peace no more.

Harper's Magazine. —*Mary Brent Whiteside.*

The Tragedy of Truth

(Being a Fragment for Philosophic Youth.)

It has been said: Know the truth, and the truth shall make you free. In that grand platitude there is more sophistry than wisdom. Knowing the truth is primarily an achievement of the intellect; being emancipated by the truth is essentially an achievement of the will. (The intellect is here thought of as a mode of reasoning; the will is looked upon as a mode of acting.) Freedom, like tyranny, lives by passion's sway. Truth, like knowledge, lives by an analysis of passion's sway. A man may know "the truth" by hearsay or repetition or analysis, even by wisdom's meditation, and yet he may lack the will, that is, the passionate incentive, to transmute knowledge into behavior.

Conduct is essentially a rapid, impulsive, moody, and familiar reaction. But truth,—that is, knowledge applied to life,—is of slow, unsteady growth, tentative, rationalistic, complex and imposing, quite often unsuited to the fragmentary and broken needs of the passing hour. There is a logic of thought and a logic of action, and never the twain shall meet in perfect harmony. For between them an eternal conflict flourishes. Truth and life are not congenial bedfellows.

Men know that war is hell; why don't they free themselves from the war lust? Men know that prostitution is a blight and a terror; why don't they control themselves? Men know that competition is villainous; why don't they supplant it? Men know that child labor is a shame and a betrayal; why don't they abolish it? Men know that life is a serious enterprise, agonized for, fretted over, conceived in pain and fear, costly, precious, the product of aeons of writhing labors,—why do they light-heartedly sacrifice it to whim and expediency and chance and the allure of profit-and-prestige? Why do they hold life so cheap?

Men know that fecundity is an evil and a blasphemy; why do they sanction it? Men know that poverty is a curse, the negation of humaneness, the death of ambition, the ruin of aspiration, the denial of all opportunity to develop, the hotbed of vice and enmity and strife and ignorance; why don't they profit by the truth and accomplish the elimination of poverty? Men know that equality before the law is a fiction and a lie; why aren't they free to change the fiction and to transmute the lie? Men know that they are selfish beasts, physically and intellectually eager for unquestioned power over others whom they exploit at large and mercilessly use up at so much per hour,—why don't they use their knowledge to free themselves from the lawless wild passion for power?

Men know these truths and a thousand others; does the truth make them free? Free to improve? . . . Knowledge is easy of attainment: not so freedom. We are slaves by inheritance. We are slaves by tradition. We are slaves by imitation. We are slaves by instinct. We are slaves by compulsion. We are slaves by choice. After we shall have emancipated our minds from the bullying passions of sensuality (in itself a wonderful achievement), we shall still have before us the insoluble problem of emancipating our minds from the bullying passions of intellectuality. The thinker's lot is not a happy one!

The man who comes nearest to achieving freedom is he who understands the limitations of things: he must be so radically disillusioned about life's values and possibilities that no passion, no dream, no hope, no accomplishment, no idea, no loyalty, can tyrannize over his reason and his judgment. Wisdom must pay dearly for its few precious superiorities. Such a man would, to a great extent, be deprived of life's emotional excitements and surprises and thrills and shocking experiences. He would become a sort of human god of insight, with feet planted on the earth, eyes intent upon human amelioration, mind preoccupied with problems and solutions and insights. He would be the philosopher without passionate hobbies to ride. The world needs such disillusioned seers.

How shall a thinker become a disillusioned seer? The whole answer may be summed up in one pregnant sentence. He must learn to play with ideas. Playing with ideas is the best solvent for peccant humors,—and peccant humors saturate our numerous likes and dislikes. Our likes, no less than our dislikes, are either too morbid or offensively maudlin. To substitute intelligence for "temperament" is the method of subduing irresponsible passions. Our hobbies are too passionately ridden.

It is no mere historic accident that the land which has tolerated the greatest freedom has also produced the greatest humorists and wits. Great Britain, or more properly England, the classic example of libertarianism (in a certain relative sense!), has surpassed in tolerance all other European nations, and for a period far antedating them. Why? There are several valid explanations. From an intellectualist point of view, the most satisfactory reason is, perhaps, the love of play; among the great ones, perhaps, a genuine love of fair play. I am not referring to a national trait (there really is no such thing); nor to an intuitive endowment (mere Anglo-Saxon vanity); nor to any cultural innate superiority (pure self-delusion); nor to any general maxim of behavior indigenous to England. I refer simply to the conspicuous fact that a wonderful choir of great men, for centuries together, sang the lofty theme of intellectual freedom and their song became popular among the educated. If you analyze the Epic of English Freedom, you will discover a care-free spirit of playfulness, a love of turning ideas topsy-turvy, a delight in heresies, a fine joy in nonconformism.

> In England, toleration has become an institution, and where Tory and Socialist, bishop and infidel, can all meet at the same dinner table and spend an agreeable week-end together there is no need for defensive segregations.

Thus wrote the exuberant Mr. Wells several years ago. There is a measure of noteworthy truth in his dictum. Not for that reason need the revolutionary analyst look with anything but suspicion upon so sweeping a theory of mutual class tolerance (in an inexorably stratified society). . . . This talent for playing with ideas is the quintessence of the philosophic spirit, the true basis of tolerance. To be sure, every nation of Western Europe (including "effete" Spain) has contributed her geniuses of intellectual play. Only to England falls the honor of having been most prolific in her production of great wits. The history of English philosophy (and philosophers) is the story of wise men who knew the joys of playing with ideas.

Next to England stands France in her grants of tolerance to thinkers. England and France have been the homes of the most brilliant and far-reaching radicalisms and humanitarianisms. Germany is the one great nation which has exalted pompousness to the rank of a virtue. German professors (even more than American) lack a sense of humor. . . . As Romain Rolland reminds us:

> Intelligence of the mind is nothing without that of the heart. It is nothing also without good sense and humor—good sense which shows to every people and to every being their place in the universe,—and humor which is the critic of misguided reason, the soldier who following the chariot to the Capitol reminds Cæsar in his hour of triumph that he is bald. . . .

Their desperate search for finalities, their fetichist attachment to systems and dogmas and symbols, are so many cumulative evidences of heavy-mindedness among the confraternity of German savants. Heavy-mindedness is the malady of the scholar *lost* in thought. A scholar lost in thought is really too bewildered to "see the joke." The greater his bewilderment, the more stolid his seriousness, the more pathetically does he cling to "world outlooks" that leave no standing room for wit and humor.

It is interesting to note that the educational system of America, deeply imitative of the German system in so many of its vital features, reveals many of those tendencies toward self-complacency, heavy-mindedness, bureaucratic officialism, professorial pseudo-scientific erudition, which collectively have been aptly characterized as the Prussianization of our educational system. German savants have always lacked the cultured humility of the truly scientific analysts.

> Insolence still continues to impress the average German. The spirit of English scientific intercourse forms a highly pleasing contrast to the German habit. Take such writers as Mill and Darwin. They speak to the reader as though he did them a favor by listening to them, and whenever they enter upon a controversy they do it in a manner which expresses respect and a desire for mutual understanding. The German scholar believes that it will detract from the respect due him if he does not assume a tone of condescension or overbearing censure. Examine the first scientific journal you may happen to pick up; even the smallest anonymous announcement breathes the air of infinite superiority. (Friedrich Paulsen.)

Dogmatism, emotional stupidity, the hierarchic tendency, thinking-by-authority,—these are the evil by-products of pompousness in scholars. Why is scholarship so top-heavy, so humorless? . . .

The ultimate tragedy of truth lies in this historic fact: truth beginning as the emancipator, soon becomes ossified into dogma. The history of freedom of thought is hardly more than the narrative of the shifting of men's allegiances from dogma to dogma. And dogma cannot make men genuinely free!

SAMUEL D. SCHMALHAUSEN.

New York City.

Eggs and Peanuts

In the *Rural New-Yorker* of October 6, an Oklahoma farm woman says: "Many country merchants refuse to buy eggs at any price, while others are offering only seven cents a dozen." Oklahoma farmers have been advised to diversify, to feed their wheat to poultry. Consumers in cities are aware of the price that they pay for eggs. The difference is popularly attributed to the high cost of union labor. Such differences, whatever their cause, seem effective in transmuting unearned increment on farm land into unearned increment on corporation securities; also, in promoting rural exodus and urban undernourishment.

Cotton is grown on this Oklahoma farm. The woman writes:

> Cotton-picking begins in September, and this means that the women and children will be busy in the fields until the crop is harvested. Most of our rural schools stop one to two months for the cotton-picking season.

As elsewhere, leadership in the rural exodus is youthful and feminine:

> Quite a few of our farm girls find work in the towns adjacent to the oil fields, and few of them ever return to the farm to live.

Cotton growers have been exhorted to diversify their production and to organize. In the same number of the same farm paper, another correspondent reports:

> In much of the cotton country the peanut has been next in popularity as a cash crop, but the growers in the great Virginia-Carolina peanut region have been playing in hard luck, partly a result of their efforts in co-operative marketing. The association obtained control of fully half the crop by an iron-clad contract with the growers.
>
> Then somebody blundered and maybe the old-line dealers tricked them. The association borrowed 3 cents a pound on the peanuts, obtaining Government money, and it distributed the proceeds of the loan among the growers, but decided to hold the peanuts for higher prices. At that time the price was 6 cents a pound and security looked good. Next thing the growers knew the price had tumbled to 2½ cents, and the peanuts were not worth enough to pay the loan. The growers were tied hand and foot, and, bound by contract, had to dig up money to make good the government loan. The association claims the dealers conspired to break the price and smash the association and it attempted to take away the business. It is suing the dealers now for millions of dollars on this claim and the whole peanut country is watching the trial at Norfolk.
>
> Other associations of growers have had suspicions of dealers fighting them, but to prove it in court and collect the money has been no easy thing to do. Holding a large crop on borrowed money is a policy that naturally invites attack and is even more risky for associations than for individuals.

Peanuts are nourishing. Urban consumers may readily learn the price of a pound. The processing of peanuts for consumers is not intricate or laborious.

Karl Marx said that farmers could not organize; he thought organization precluded by the dispersion of their industry in small, isolated units. Farmers have not yet proved him mistaken; they do not control their output or their prices.

In famine, stabilization of values of food-stuffs is accepted as sound economics and practicable; the cure works slowly, and many patients do not wait for it. As a preventive, stabilization would bring agriculture into harmony with the established order, an order obviously reluctant to stabilize agriculture. Stabilizing the basic industry might tend to uphold the established order more or less for a time.

Fluctuations in the fortunes of agriculture are of little direct concern except to farmers, unless the fluctuations result in shortage of farm products, as now of cotton. Farming never prospers enough to give one of its adherents admission to the plutocracy. Variations in the purchasing power of farmers are not registered in urban prosperity, as has lately been obvious. The difference between what the farm woman receives for eggs and what the consumer pays goes somewhere and

is purchasing power. It is not as widely distributed as it would be if farm women were better paid; some of it goes to people who can use no more of necessaries, who are already well above a living wage. Otherwise, business is not injured by what a farm woman loses and others gain.

A shortage of farm products is of contrasting effect. Whether the farm woman receives seven cents or eight cents of the forty cents that the consumer pays for a dozen eggs matters little to the city; but if there are no eggs for sale, urban conditions are affected. The situation is not actual now and here. It is hardly conceivable; yet it is now a condition affecting the world's cities generally and sure to come to American cities within the lives of persons now living unless fundamental conditions change. Success of the desperate efforts now made to reduce farm production would merely precipitate a situation that might be deferred. There is now shortage of food in the world; in most cities, it is manifest. The surplus that now troubles America is not an ominous thing; America already imports more tons of food-stuffs annually than it exports.

If eggs bring the farm woman seven cents a dozen, it does not matter much to her whether she sells eggs or not. She can not continue a poultry business on any commercial scale, but a dozen eggs for her home use are as nourishing as they would be at any price whatever. The table of the farm home will still be bountifully supplied. So the situation now is in Europe; the peasantry are better nourished than they used to be.

The Oklahoma farm woman writes:

> Hogs and cattle will not pay for their feed, yet there is no sale for them, and they must be kept on the farms until a market opens up.....Most farmers in this section produce their own meat and lard as well as food and feed crops.

Time given to subsistence agriculture does not contribute to the world outside the farm, but it keeps the farm going through years or centuries when there is disorganization outside. In Europe, subsistence agriculture now flourishes, and it holds the calculable future. In America, the industry already grows optimistic, as the farm woman's statement suggests. In the same number of the *Rural New-Yorker,* an Indiana farmer advises farmers to raise a few sheep for the production of wool for home use. Spinning and weaving are not unattainable skills. The Indiana farmer says:

> One hope of our business is in the return to something approaching pioneer days, with each farm, or perhaps each community, almost independent and self-supporting.

The hope is not unreasonable; Europe encourages optimism in primitive agriculture. Americans not adapted to its ways may migrate to cities, unless, as in Europe, urban conditions should make adaptation to primitive agriculture preferable. For the present, the American farmer is choosing between migration and subsistence farming. His trouble, as all agree, has been his surplus. The surplus has not been much; the trouble may linger but will surely pass.

C. F. Ansley.

THE STUDY TABLE

"The Dance of Life"*

"The Dance of Life" is a philosophical dissertation of unique distinction. The impersonal title is scarcely suggestive of the intimate, self-revelatory character of the volume's contents. Here we have the mind and spirit of the author mirrored in his own limpid words. One hesitates to characterize the *diction* or literary *style* of this book after reading Mr. Ellis's denouncement of the absurd lengths to which standards of style are stretched, and the inevitable and deadening effect of such rigidity upon the creative instinct. But mention should be made of the excellent literary quality of the work. Some passages scintillate with incisive logic; others stir the senses with rhythmical cadence; while others abound in citations, quotations and interpretations that almost reduce them to the text-book plane.

The "relativity" of Mr. Einstein, transmuted by the genius of Mr. Ellis, saturates the argument from beginning to end. Contending that *life* with all of its comprehensive emotions and activities is a matter of artistic relativity, Mr. Ellis divides the chief intellectual and emotional reactions of Man into five fundamental divisions, namely—The Art of Dancing, The Art of Thinking, The Art of Writing, The Art of Religion, and The Art of Morals. These divisions might be interpreted as man's physical, intellectual, aesthetic, spiritual and social reactions to life.

At the outset Mr. Ellis places the onus of intellectual conceptions, character of leadership and existent social and political conditions upon man himself. "We the common people," he says, "mould the great movements of our age, and only in the second place do they mould us." "Descartes could have effected nothing if an innumerable crowd in many fields had not created the atmosphere by which he was enabled to breathe the breath of life." Even Napoleon "must have answered some lyric cry in the human heart," so that "to condemn him is to condemn Man who made him what he was." The intelligibility of art in its larger scope is "debased and narrowed among us" to the extent that it still "remains so unfamiliar that its immense significance for our whole vision of life in the world is scarcely at first seen." Primitive peoples are illustrative of the innateness of art—the artistic sensibility that prompts unconscious action and conscious contemplation. By numerous illustrations from his fertile brain and wide learning Mr. Ellis develops the proposition that to the *free* man "life becomes all play," much as to the child who naturally and spontaneously revels in pantomimic action and imaginings of a projected personality of heroic proportions. In these bare elements are the two great principles of art—action and contemplation, or in other words, the creative instinct and the aesthetic apprehension.

In art there is unity—not uniformity. In unity there is *beauty* and *strength*—in uniformity there is *mediocrity* and *extinction.*

> The men of old who thought that all human life was made of one stuff were not altogether wrong, and we may, with greater assurance than they were able to claim, analyze the modes of human action into different quantitative or other arrangements of which the most fundamental may be identical with art.

The *Dance* is a part of Man's consciousness, manifesting his physical and spiritual energies in rhythmic movements. It is the symbol of every physical ac-

*"The Dance of Life," Havelock Ellis. New York: 1923. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

tivity from the purely animal process of procreation to the highly creative execution of the artist. Every phase of work "under natural conditions" may be considered "a kind of dance," the harmonizing rhythm of which has been an educative and socializing factor in civilization parallelling the development of the purely aesthetic arts.

The art of *Thinking* begins in the cradle when the first instinctive curiosity starts investigating the ways of the universe, and ends only when life itself ceases to be. Progressively, thinking creates conceptions and conventional signs with a purely "fictive function to perform" for the purpose of arriving at conclusions satisfying to the thinker. The thinker, whether poet or scientist, is not an end in himself, but a "means to higher ends." "Thinking in its lower grades is comparable to paper money, and in its higher forms is a kind of poetry."

With vigorous pen, in a remarkable chapter on The Art of Writing, Mr. Ellis berates the stylist and his allies, whose aim is limited to the constrictive bounds of line and letter. The spirit, the substance, the inspiration of the creator, these are the precious essentials of the brilliant art. There is no place for prudery in this field. Men of the calibre, temper and genius of James Joyce and Marcel Proust are path-finders in the Wilderness of the Unknown, the wilderness that the timid avoid just as much as the complacent egotist of "classical" style. Should some progressive instructor in writing have the temerity to use this fearless chapter as a guide to students of the art, there would be a hue and cry of "Bolshevism" raised on the instant. Mr. Ellis believes that

> There is so much bad writing in the world because writing has been dominated by ignorance and habit and prudery, and not least by the academic teachers and critics who have known nothing of what they claim to teach and were often themselves singular examples of how not to write.

On the other hand there has

> been a little good writing here and there in the world, through the ages, because a few possessed not only courage and passion and patience, but knowledge and the concentrated intellectual attention, and the resolution to seek truth.

To the student of religion the chapter on The Art of Religion will be illuminating. With the modern psychoanalyst's impartiality of sentiment or tradition, the author digs down to the main-springs of religious emotion and its efflorescence in creed and dogma. He concludes that the idea of God is just what a creative mind makes it; the servile mind that follows the creator apprehends the creator's conception to the limit of his capacity. Abortive growths are bound to develop and to be lopped off, from time to time; such is the law of change. That there is no division of personality, such as mind, body, soul, is a foregone conclusion. Therefore, religion is as personal and individual an *art* as any other emotional response of man to his environment and the universe as a whole.

It is interesting to note that Mr. Ellis had years ago prepared, but not published, a thesis on the varieties of religious experience similar, it would appear, to Professor James's classic volume. Freely and fully Mr. Ellis outlines his personal religious evolution. The sensitive and emotionally religious reader will feel a responsive chord of reminiscent personal experience in the author's delineation. Never does Mr. Ellis approach religion with the hammer of the bigoted unbeliever, but recognizes and sympathizes with the universal religious instinct and its myriad forms of manifestation. Creeds and dogmas he discredits and discards without apology, finding that "dogmas were but the empty shadows of intimate personal experience," and that "the mere fact that one has been impelled by the sincerity of one's religious faith to question, to analyze, and finally destroy one's religious creed, is in itself an incomparable training for the intelligence."

The affirmation that "a religious man is not necessarily a moral man," will create surprise and stir up objections from many sources, for the inseparability of religion and morals is one of the most flagrant and common of fictions. Mr. Ellis makes shorter work of the question than do most ethical writers. Custom is responsible for the popular conceptions of morality, so that when customs change, morality changes also. The primitive man who killed his offspring in accordance with the religious law of his tribe, was a simple follower of the *mores* or customs of his people. Such customs originating, as all customs have originated, out of the necessities of the common life. That innate sense of beauty that exists in the normal creature saves the emergency of starvation and the need for self-preservation from absolute sordidity and transforms it into a ceremony of religious duty and beauty. Vicarious sacrifice to the common welfare and the common art of life is the rhythmical melody of humanity, in contradistinction to the possessive instinct "which is the cause of the formation of an economic civilized society," and which, "when pushed too far becomes the cause of the ruin of that society."

Mr. Havelock Ellis is no foolish optimist, but his pages breathe the breath of hope for the future of humanity. The Gobinist school will find little in the pages of this book to substantiate its contentions of superior and inferior races; dangerous and safe races; and the like. But it will find a lucid, fair, scientific exposition of the causes that underlie the greatness and the littleness of humanity as a whole, excluding no race or nationality of men, and including them all in the dawning day that the "Sunset" promises.

LILLIAN A. GARING.

COURAGE.

The tone, the point of view,
The constancy that in defeat
Remains untouched and true;
'Tis the front toward life that matters most—

For death in patriot fight may be
Less gallant than a smile,
And high endeavor, to the gods,
Seems in itself worth while!

The Outlook. —*Florence Earle Coates.*

CORRESPONDENCE

THE PHILIPPINE QUESTION.

Editor of UNITY:

I want to assure you, as well as Mr. Anacleto Santiago, that it is for the sake of the Filipinos themselves more than that of the United States that I oppose the granting of independence at the present time. It was natural for them to desire freedom from Spanish oppression. Under American rule they have prospered and progressed; have enjoyed the blessings of a liberty as great as that of any citizens of the United States. To exchange these benefits for the illusory freedom of retrograde conditions under the rule of sordid politicians who have raised a clamor for independence simply to promote their own selfish ends irrespective of the public good, would simply mean a new oppression. It is undeniable that under the measure of irresponsible self-government conferred by the Jones bill, and illegally augmented by the unauthorized actions of Governor General Harrison, there was a most unfortunate retrogression from the progress made. Sanitation was neglected, the death-rate increased, finances were disorganized, public funds were squandered, improvements were neglected, under the control of incompentent politicians. The testimony of competent witnesses as to these consequences is overwhelming and undeniable. Mr. Santiago has said nothing to controvert my statements. As to my remarks about the Jones bill: Its preamble asserted in effect that it had always been the intention of the American people to grant independence to the Filipinos. That was untrue. Would we have paid Spain twenty million dollars for the archipelago merely for the sake of straightway abandoning the islands? The statement is ridiculous. The Philippines became American territory just as clearly as did Louisiana, Florida, California and Alaska.

What truly matters is that the common people should prosper in health, education and material progress. The political form under which these benefits are achieved is a secondary consideration. They have come with American rule; they have been diminished under irresponsible self government. The truest friends of the Filipinos, men of long service in the islands, wishing them well, liking the natives and working unselfishly for their good, agree with me.

One of these is Lieutenant Colonel Charles Goff Thomson of the U. S. Army, now retired; his novel, "Terry," is one of the stories of adventure and of life in the Philippines. It depicts the experiences of a truly one hundred per cent American, in that his American traits are of the most admirable sort. Let me quote some illuminating words, Young Terry, serving as an officer in the constabulary, talks with the Governor of a province.

"The Governor was frankly interested. 'You doubtless have formed some opinion regarding the Filipinos—their fitness for independence?'

"Terry felt the three pairs of eyes drilling him as he answered: 'It seems to me, sir, that—disregarding such baffling obstacles to independence as their absolute defencelessness as a nation, the profound ignorance of the masses, lack of a common tongue, and all that,—I think that in view of the fact that under our guidance they have advanced further than under 400 years of Spanish rule, it would be kinder if we waited decision until we see what a second or third generation of natives are like.'

"He reflected a moment, serious, then added:

"'In short, sir, I think it would be a great injustice to them to mistake our own driving force for their capacity.'"

That puts the case in a nutshell. And further on Terry is telling about a tribe of hillmen whose happy primitive condition is fairly idyllic. Still he would civilize them, saying:

"Civilization means doctors, less suffering, longer life: schools and books: agriculture and better diet: commerce and clothes: churches and morality."

This is precisely what I feel. I have no sympathy with exploitative imperialism. That is not our policy. But having assumed responsibility for the Philippines it would be discreditable for us to shirk it, casting them adrift to their own harm, even if they are bent on venturing to sea in an unsafe craft. I cannot reconcile the fact that so many Liberals, who aim at political progress, should in matters like this be determined to play the game of the reactionaries, whose clamor for independence is merely a cloak for their own selfish ambitions.

SYLVESTER BAXTER.

PROPHET AND PRIEST.

Editor UNITY:

Mr. Heeb's letter in UNITY for November 22, under the caption, "Social Prophets in the Liberal Church," raises an interesting question concerning the respective places and functions of prophets and priests. While I share his convictions and his conclusions, I believe he has left unsaid some things that should be said in justification of the liberal churches and the "priestly counsel" that prevails in them.

The burden of Mr. Heeb's letter is that there is no place for the social prophet in the liberal church. That is perfectly true, but it is not the whole of the truth. There is, indeed, no place for the prophet, whatever his kind, in any society of men, however they may be constituted. The very fact that he is a prophet sets him apart from the multitude. The prophets have always been anathematized, cast out, martyred. It is not the case of the social prophet alone. It is the religious prophet, the political prophet, the scientific prophet, as well. All of them have a sorry time of it.

This the prophet should know, if his hindsight is as good as his foresight, if his knowledge of things past is as clear as his vision of things to come. If, then, a man would play the prophet's part, he must live the prophet's life, take the prophet's medicine, meet the prophet's fate. Why the prophet should complain because he does not receive the emoluments and honors of the priest, is more than I can understand. Would he claim the prophet's reward and the priest's reward at the same time?

Presumably the prophet is beyond and above the masses. Why, then, should he expect the masses to support him? He must be self-supporting, or draw his sustenance from superhuman sources. If he would be a prophet, let him play the game according to the rules of the game. Of course, the liberal church will not support its prophets. No church ever did, or ever will. There is no place for the prophet in any social organization. The prophet plays a lone hand. It is entirely beside the point to say, even if it be true, that the pacifist, for instance, can find no hearing in Unitarian Churches, while he is welcomed in the Society of Friends. Whether or not the pacifist is a prophet in the Unitarian Church, he is certainly not a prophet in the midst of the Friends. In no organized group of men is there a place for the man who is a prophet with reference to that group. Prophecy and organization never mingle.

Is there not, also, a word to be said for the despised priest? The distinction between prophet and priest is not wholly, as Mr. Heeb seems to think, a distinction between the hope beyond and the good in the life that now is. The priest is not necessarily one who is selfishly minded to feather his own nest, who prostitutes his soul for the comfort of the body. He may sacrifice as much as the prophet sacrifices. Neither is the priest necessarily blind to the truth. He may see the truth as clearly as the prophet sees it, and still remain the priest. The distinction between the two is rather a distinction in method, in function. The prophet is primarily a seer. The priest is primarily a teacher. The prophet is like the pioneer who marks the trail through the wilderness. The priest is like the captain who leads his men along the trail. It is not the prophet's care to keep in close touch with the multitude that must follow later along his road. But the priest is the leader, the teacher, who must keep in contact with his people. He may himself have the vision of the prophet, but first of all he has the heart of the priest. He is charged with the cure of souls. The priest may sacrifice himself for the multitude as completely, as unstintingly, as the prophet sacrifices himself for the vision.

Who will dare to say which is the greater? It is true, as Mr. Heeb reminds us, that the "prophet is ignored but remembered, while the priest is honored but forgotten." Yet the prophet is finally remembered because of the faithfulness of the priest. It is the latter who has led his people step by step up the toilsome heights to the summit of the prophet's vision. The oblivion into which the priest falls is a testimony to the effectiveness of his work. He has raised a generation of men wiser than himself. He has fulfilled the father's ambition that the son should be greater than he. What difference, indeed, whether we be ignored and remembered, or honored and forgotten, so long as we faithfully fulfil the duty that we see!

CHARLES R. JOY.

THE FIELD

"The World is my country, to do good is my Religion"

TURNING AN ANCIENT CHURCH INTO A COMMUNITY HOUSE.

At Speedsville, Tioga County, N. Y., there is an ancient Universalist church which has voted to lose its life that it may gain it in community service. Henceforth it will be the new Community House of Speedsville.

The following interesting historical sketch has been prepared by Mr. Paul J. Slate, of Berkshire, N. Y.:

What was until recently the First Universalist Church of Speedsville dates from a meeting held at the house of Seth Jencks on the 16th day of December, 1822. At this meeting it was voted "that there be formed a Presbyterian Society in this place," and "that we approbate the propriety of building a meeting-house at or near this place." At the next meeting, held Jan. 6, 1823, at the house of Aaron Curtis, in the town of Caroline, which was then in Tioga County, the society was organized, and "being thus organized . . . did resolve to incorporate themselves into a religious incorporation of the Presbyterian church, by the name, title and style of the Trustees of the First Presbyterian Society in the Town of Caroline, County of Tioga, and State of New York, . . . and that the said persons did elect Luman Case, Cicero Barker, Josiah Perry, James Deland, Thomas Baird, and John Perry as trustees of the said society."

On Feb. 4, 1823, and several succeeding days, public auctions were held to sell the slips, or pews, in the meeting-house soon to be built. Money was scarce in these days; one-sixth of the purchase price was to be paid in money, and the balance in stone, timber, produce, lumber and labor, whenever the trustees of the society demanded it. The prices paid ranged from $30 to $60, the average price being a little over $40 per pew. The records of payments throw much light on prices and wages. For example, Joel Hastings, who bought slip No. 34, for $31, paid for it in part as follows: Two days' work, with oxen, $2.50; by drawing "loggs" at the mill, $1; by two sills, 50 feet long, $3.50; two bunches of shingles, $3.60; by 16 1-4 gallons of whiskey, $8.12, etc. It is not recorded who drank the whiskey. Some other items show veal 4 cents a pound, butter 10 cents and a trip to Owego with an ox team for 75 cents.

As suggested above, the building was originally Presbyterian, but it was also used by the Methodists and Universalists, under the following arrangements: "That the Presbyterian Society shall and will claim the sole prerogative of directing and disposing of the said Meeting House at all times and the permanent occupancy of the same for the one half of the time to be hereafter designated and determined. And that the Methodists and Universalists may occupy the said Meeting House the other one half of the time. And if it should so happen that two religious denominations should wish to occupy the said house on the same day or on the same Sabbath, i. e., the Methodists and Universalists, the Trustees shall have full power and liberty to determine which Order shall occupy the said House on such day if required."

Within a short time, the Methodists transferred their share to the Universalists, and in 1827 we find the organization of the Universalist Society recorded in these words: "We the subscribers being firm believers in the final restoration and salvation of all men, and being desirous of supporting the preaching of the Gospel of God's Universal benevolence, do hereby in order that we may the better promote the declarative glory of God and the more effectually advance the Kingdom and Religion of our Lord Jesus Christ, mutually agree to form ourselves into a Religious Community in the presence of Almighty God to be called the First Universalist Society of the Townships of Berkshire and Caroline, to meet from time to time in the Township of Caroline, in the County of Tompkins, State of New York."

A LETTER FROM KINGSTON, JAMAICA.

Editor UNITY:

Once more after an absence, I am here again. . . . I hardly need say that many things here seem strange to me, some I had forgotten whilst others are really new in the life of the Island. But the one thing I can appreciate immediately is the almost even temper of the weather, which is really medium warm. Then again the variety of fresh and beautiful fruits and green vegetables, added to the beautiful natural sceneries adds quite a refreshing feeling to the mind, whilst the fruits and vegetables make a satisfying taste to the palate. To the lovers of nature with means to enjoy it, this is indeed a beautiful place; I can now appreciate it after living so long a mechanical life in America.

On the other hand, I see poverty, disease, dire want, oppression, physical and mental degeneracy here as I never knew it before, side by side with lovely dwellings, mansions some of them are, many and lovely automobiles, competitive businesses strongly entrenched, ease and fine comfort for some, all operating with cruel, murderous and wicked exploitation in all its blatant nakedness. The British master-class have had this fair Island for the past three centuries, as custodians for the people whom in the name of Christianity they were pleased to save from hell-fire by kidnapping them into chattel slavery with all its abominable horrors and brutalities. They threw the sick into the Atlantic ocean on the journeys from Africa to Jamaica, in order that the insurance might be collected on their death, as sick slaves could not bring high prices in the slave markets. The women were atrociously brutalized, insulted and raped. And to-day in 1923, the landmarks of the very same brutalities in another method are to be seen on every side in the City of Kingston. It is a standing disgrace to humanity, and an everlasting blot on any people that have the temerity to call themselves civilized. Viscount Burnham, a member of the British House of Lords, who recently visited here, ought to have held his head down in sack-cloth and ashes to see what he and his ilk have produced in 300 years, rather than to have stumped the Country, sumptuously wined, and dined at the expense of these poor devils, peddling patriotism and nationalistic bunk. If the evidence I see here is the result of Christian service, then in the name of all that is powerful give me heathenism. I feel sure that if Jesus were to come to Kingston to-day he would turn his back on Premier Baldwin, David Lloyd-George, Cecil, Chamberlain, Lord Curzon, banker Mond & Company, Ltd., who are the custodians of these people, and say like Peter of old: "I never knew thee." It is a disgrace, I protest it, and intend to write to the radical press of England and America exposing to the world the brutal exploitation and oppression I see here. Nature has blessed this land far too well with the means of livelihood for people to be living under the conditions I have seen. If you find my denunciation strong, I hope for your forgiveness, but God knows the situation I see here is revolting to any one with any sense of justice and humane feeling.

The only hope is the many young men and women I see in groups on the streets and in halls holding protest meetings and organizing with a view of finding a way out. It does seem as though there is a strong anti-British feeling existing here. I stood in the streets a few nights ago at a public meeting conducted by three young men, protesting against a recent oppressive law. The meeting had about 500. When it was through the chairman started the singing of the national anthem, which fell through after the first line was sung for the want of assistance. Then, too, I observed that only about six out of that throng took their hats off although the chairman started with the example. C.

AN APPEAL: HELP!

Berlin, Germany.

My dear Dr. Holmes:

Your sympathetic reference in your letter of October 11, the receipt of which is gratefully acknowledged, to the desperate situation in Germany emboldens me to appeal to you once more for help. I refer again to the school for the victims of the war who lost their eyesight, and whom Miss Betty Hirsch is trying to make over into useful citizens. You were so very kind as to publish my appeal last April, and as a result of it, I received a check for Ten Dollars.

Think of it, with the small sum I was able to raise—$268—Miss Hirsch has been able to keep a school of 45 pupils going from July 1st until now! She had to pay a full-time teacher and two part-time assistants, besides allotting starvation rations to herself. How she did it, is beyond me. But now she is at the end of her resources and, unless some money comes in very quickly, the unfortunate blind will be thrown upon the streets at this time of unemployment and general misery.

As I am begging, not for myself, but for a group of unfortunates, I am sure you will not take offense.

Sincerely, LOUIS P. LOCHNER.

There is no record of the dedication of the church, but it is believed to have taken place in June, 1823. Services were held regularly until 1867, when for some reason they were discontinued. In 1895 extensive repairs were made. A clipping of June 4, 1895, has the following: "Thursday a cone 23 feet high, surmounted by a spire 10 feet high, to which was attached a weather vane, was hoisted from the ground to the top of the belfry of the Universalist church, a distance of 72 feet. The cone was a fine piece of architecture, designed and constructed by H. S. Aikins of Speedsville, and weighed about 1200 pounds. The occasion called together nearly all the inhabitants of this vicinity. The ponderous cone or dome was hoisted to its position by means of ginpoles at the top of the church or belfry, to which were attached immense guy ropes and pulleys. A number of ropes was attached to the cone. The men pulled on the ropes and wound some of the ropes upon a windlass, and the huge structure slowly rose in the air and was safely landed in position. This church was raised in 1823, Leonard Legg being the only one present Thursday who was present at the raising. He was six weeks old, and does not seem to recollect the circumstances. A fine bell was added to the church on July 3, 1832, at a cost of $250. . . Much credit is due William Osborne, who made all the plans and caused the cone to be placed in its proper position, Edward Abbey, Jr., also ably assisted, seeming to know just what needed to be done."

The rededication services took place in the church Oct. 29 and 30, 1895. The services were in charge of the minister, Rev. Miss Turner, who was assisted by Rev. Mr. Milton of Auburn, Me., Mr. Graves of Scipio, and Mr. McLaughlin of Macedon. Services were held from that time until 1912, after which there was a lapse of five years. In June, 1916, a series of five meetings was held by Rev. H. C. Ledyard, of Cortland, and Rev. H. T. Kearns of Binghamton, after which meetings were held during the summer.

In 1922, the people of Speedsville met and voted to remodel the old church into a Community House. Money was raised by subscription, the pews and furniture removed, and steps taken to preserve the building from ruin.—*The Univeralist Leader.*

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